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PRACTICE WITH THEORY AND SCIENCE."

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Agricultural.

FARMERS' INSTITUTE.

A Successful Institute held at Mason, Under the Auspices of the Ingham County Farmers' Club.

On Thursday, February 18th, at 10 A.M., Mr. Amos F. Wood, President of the Ingham County Farmers' Club, assumed the chair in the courtroom at Mason, and in a few words announced the opening of the Farmers' Institute advertised to be held at that time and place. There was a large number of farmers in attendance, with quite a number of business and professional men.

Mr. Perry Henderson, of Mason, then made a short address of welcome, in which he said he had a strong sympathy with the farming community, and felt like congratulating those who belonged to the Ingham County Farmers' Club for the good it had done and what it was striving to accomplish. He spoke of the necessity for such organizations among farmers, and of the good they could do in preventing this class of citizens from being imposed upon by the numerous frauds who make a business of swindling farmers. He paid his respects to Bohemian oat agents, and hinted strongly that farmers who aided them in the nefarious business were not much better, whether they made money or not in the operation. The speaker then referred to farm life, and said if he had a hundred boys and could locate them upon farms he would do so. His belief was that the farm and the farm home were the best place for children. He made a strong appeal to the farmers not to lend themselves as tools to help swindle their neighbors, and closed with a cordial welcome to everybody.

President Wood followed with a few remarks, in the course of which he said he had thought that in comparing the farmers and agriculturists with other classes of the community for the purpose of deciding which were the most generally successful, it would not do to compare the failures in one branch of business with the successes in another, as was generally done. He spoke of the daily life of the business man, with its incessant cares, and showed how he was obliged to make every effort to know what his customers needed, so as to be ready to supply them. Were not many farmers working in a hap-hazard way? Should they not devote more study to their business so as to thoroughly understand it? It was in this direction that organizations could do much good.

The Secretary of the Club, Mr. L. Ives, also made a few remarks, in which he spoke of the work accomplished by this Club, and the warm interest he had always taken in its success. He was pleased to be able to say that he really thought it the best Club of the kind in the State, and that it was doing a grand work. He hoped everybody would take hold of this Institute and make it a grand success.

In the afternoon the court-room was well filled, the Vice President, L. W. Baker, presiding.

Mr. J. H. Forster, of Williamson, read a humorous paper entitled "The Festive Farmer," in which he spoke of the conscientious way in which the festive farmer celebrated the Fourth of July and the exciting auction or vendue. It was greatly appreciated by those who heard it.

Prof. A. C. Gower, of the Reform School, being present, was called for, and had to make a speech. He said he was only the forerunner of the Lansing delegation, though he supposed he could lay claim to being a "fancy farmer." He ran a large farm, but was pleased to say he had something to piece out with. He had the great State of Michigan behind him in his farm operations.

Mr. Frank Seeley followed with a paper on "The Relation of the Employer to the Employee." It was a very sensible production, and struck a number of those who heard it so favorably that they asked for its publication in the FARMER, and we shall give space to it within a short time. The paper was indorsed by Mr.

Forster, Mr. Geo. W. Phelps, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Crossley and others.

Mr. Ball, of Hamburg, read a paper entitled "Success in Life, it Aids and Hindrances." He said the successes and failures of life depend much upon the circumstances and will. Men born under adverse circumstances have been the men who have most frequently achieved the greatest successes. Mental and physical efforts are both essential to growth. Many of the greatest successes in life are directly traceable to what seemed at the time a very trifling event. Schools and colleges are not the only places where great men are made. Constant and unflinching toil alone can hope to win. The moments of life are too short to be wasted. Each of our lives, whether great or small, has its influence of good or ill. Do what your hands find to do and do it well; better wear out than rust out. Every day brings some good to us if properly applied. Habit has more to do with the successes and failures of life than many men are willing to admit.

In the discussion which followed Mr. Sexton of Howell, said he had been much pleased with the paper read. The hints thrown out must be productive of good. The early training of youth should be schooled to habits of industry and economy. Messrs. Grimes, Lyon, Forster, Phelps and Baker strongly indorsed the sentiments.

At the evening session Mrs. Templar, of Vevay, read a paper on "House Adornment." She believed that whatever tends to make home happy is adornment in its true sense. We may be possessed of all money can buy, but without love and fidelity there is no real adornment in the home. Home circles must be adorned by industry, to which every member of the family must contribute. Beautiful, truthful children are the purest, truest adornment.

The ornaments that adorn our walls and windows, and are seen everywhere in and about our homes, are and must ever be minor adornments.

The Rev. Mr. McCoy, of Mason, spoke on the same subject. He said home was the center of the universe; it was the center from which radiated the ideas and influence which governed the world. There were three kinds of home—the home of elegance, the home which is the result of toil, self-sacrifice and honest industry; and there is the home too dark for description—such homes as Lyman Abbott referred to, in speaking of New York, when he said "all he could say of the inmates was that they were born outside of hell." The unit of Society is the family, not the individual. Home is greater than the state, greater than the church; because the creator is greater than the created. Privacy is essential to modesty. Nearly all the virtues grow out of this. Not from a hollow log, or a cave, or the wigwam, or the house with one room, or from the tenement houses of the great cities come the best type of mankind. The supreme thing in home is adornment.

Then the Hon. J. H. Forster read a very entertaining paper entitled "A Trip to the Tropics Forty Years ago," which was an account of his personal experience. Mr. Forster has a vein of humor that keeps his audiences always interested, and some of his hits were very happy.

Friday morning the court-room was crowded, and Dr. Kedzie, owing to sickness, not being present, the untiring Mr. Forster, who seemed to have an essay on any subject called for, read one upon "The Farmer," and a good one too.

President Wood then introduced Mrs. M. J. C. Merrill, librarian of the Agricultural College, who read an essay upon "Moving into Town," which contained many very happy hits and natural pictures of "Farmer Thrifty" and "Farmer Shiftless."

Upon the conclusion of this paper Judge Huntington arose and with a few remarks presented President Wood with a handsome gold-headed cane from the members of the Farmers' Club. The cane is presented as follows: "Presented to President A. F. Wood by the Farmers' Club," February 19, 1886. President Wood was so surprised that he could hardly frame a reply, but he said if he had done anything in the past to merit this expression of their good will, he had never to do anything in the future that would give the donor reason to regret this act of their present regard for him.

The Club, with its honorary members, a number of citizens and invited guests then adjourned to the Donnelly House, where a banquet was set out that did honor to the cuisine of that hotel. Mr. J. M. Dresser was appointed toast-master, and speeches, music, etc., filled up the balance of the afternoon.

A. Van Auken.—The universal complaint is that labor is too expensive for a profit, but he thinks the reverse is true; farmers frequently do not employ enough labor; crops are short in consequence. A period of ten days, within which crops are neglected, often entails the crop ten bushels per acre. Here a saving of ten dollars in labor entails a loss of one hundred dollars in crops.

A. C. Glidden thought an account kept with each crop was labor without compensation. It could be done, and the cost very accurately ascertained, but the value of the lesson to the farmer was very

PAW PAW INSTITUTE.

The farmers of this vicinity had determined that the winter should not pass without considering some of the many questions vital to their interests. The popular institution known as the institute seems to be the medium through which expression can be given to some established facts, and at which puzzling questions can be propounded with a reasonable assurance of receiving satisfactory answers. A public call through the local press brought out a sufficient working force to insure a success, and the machinery was set going.

Last Wednesday the weather seemed to promise everything desired, and the opera house was quite well filled at the forenoon opening. "Captain" Hendricks, one of the old "regulars" in attendance at institutes since their first organization, was invited to address those present in advance of the regular opening, which was delayed until the beginning of the afternoon session. The Captain alluded to the early history of the institutes, and to his correspondence with the professors at the College, advocating their establishment. An hour was spent listening to short speeches and in gathering questions for consideration during the sessions.

At 1:30, Dr. C. S. Maynard, President of the Village Board, welcomed the gathered farmers in a speech of much merit. He alluded to the past and present of agriculture in the county, contrasted the houses of farmers, then and now, and set up an ideal home which all should strive to attain. The chairman, Hon. J. Woodman, responded in behalf of those assembled, and the work of the institute began. The first paper was by E. P. Mills on the subject of "Beans as a Farm Crop." He gave in detail his manner of putting in the crop. He had plowed down clover in bloom for beans, followed the crop with wheat without plowing, and taken off the two crops within 13 months after turning the first furrow. He always plows a sod for beans, follows with wheat and seeds to clover. The 30 cents received for a bushel of oats represents no money paid out directly for their production, except for taxes, and labor employed, the remainder is profit on his capital, however small that may be.

Question:—"Considering the scarcity of timber, how can we best support our

small, and was no guide for the outcome of the next crop. To illustrate, the cost of producing a bushel of oats in the State, as reported by the Secretary of State, is found to be 29 cents, while the price is only 30 cents. The lesson, if any, in this example is, don't sow any more oats, when in fact farmers can raise oats, or any other crop, and sell for what it cost him, reckoning the cost in the usual manner. Every day's work with a team pays him \$3.50, and corresponding prices for all the labor. He gets the interest on his land out of the crop, and rental of his house. The 30 cents received for a bushel of oats represents no money paid out directly for their production, except for taxes, and labor employed, the remainder is profit on his capital, however small that may be.

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The Horse.

GENTLEMEN'S DRIVING HORSES.

The Boston Commercial Bulletin, in its last issue had an article on this subject which contains information of value to those of our readers who are interested in the breeding of horses. The Boston market is an important one, and the style of horse popular there will meet the requirements of the markets of other large eastern cities. The *Bulletin* says:

"Although average horses for horse car and draught purposes are possibly 10 or 15 per cent. cheaper than two years ago, yet gentlemen's driving horses have seldom commanded better prices than they do to day. A strictly desirable animal of this description cannot be bought for less than \$300. The writer's attention was called this week to a beautiful dark bay gelding, 16 hands high, eight years old, and weighing 1,100 pounds, for which \$600 must be realized in order to repay the owner for the animal's cost in the State of Maine. This horse was of the old 'Drew' stock, and had trotted in 2:15 to a road wagon in the country where he was raised.

"Another Maine horse not quite six years old, a beautiful bay gelding 16 hands high and weighing a little more than 1,100 pounds, is shown in Boston, after \$600 has been refused for him in the town of Parkman, where he was raised. He is named 'Judge Advocate' after his sire, and with an ability to show a 2:40 gait, has been used as a family horse and driven by ladies. Nothing less than \$700 would be likely to buy a horse of this description.

"Coming down to a little lower level, a handsome black gelding 15½ hands high, coming 6 years old, well broken and safe, never driven for speed but with natural 3-minute gait, has sold for \$300. A handsome dark gray weighing 950 pounds, coming 6 years old, with 2:30 mile running race winds up the meeting. Entries to the purses close on June 5, stakes on April 1. J. Banford is the Secretary.

"For gentlemen's driving horses the best color is bay, and next comes chestnut and brown. Some buyers like a dark grey, but they are exceptional. At this season of the year when a horse is shedding his hair, gray hairs are apt to show to a disagreeable extent on the clothing of the driver.

"The best horse the writer found in an investigation of the Boston market the other day, was a handsome bright gelding from Marshall, Mich. He was a trifle under six years old, weighed 975 pounds, and a natural trotter—well balanced, square gaited and level-headed, with an easy elastic step and fine knee action. He was of Hambletonian stock and could trot from 2:30 to 2:35, though he had very little training. Some very good driving horses are now coming to Boston from Michigan and other western States; but the bulk of the best horses come from Maine, and some from Vermont and New Hampshire. Nearly all the horses that come here from Canada are used for draught purposes, and are large heavy animals. The little rugged 'Kanucks' which used to be so well known, have almost entirely disappeared, the Canadians having turned their attention to breeding better stock.

"Well matched pairs of driving horses bring better prices of course than single animals. A pair of matched chestnuts, 8 years old, weighing 1,000 pounds each, and able to road 10 or 12 miles an hour with ease, are quoted at \$1,200."

FRAUD ON THE TURF.

In fact it is just as well that the present drift of affairs on the running turf be allowed to pursue its course to the inevitable end, because it is only in this instance that reform can ever be accomplished. When men like Peter Lorillard and T. J. Meggins, who have been pillars of the running turf, resolve to retire, and announce the sale of their horses at public auction, it means that matters have indeed sunk to a pretty low ebb, especially when these gentlemen make no concealment of the motives which prompted their action. Mr. Lorillard is free to say that the only reason for his retirement and the sale of his great stable of racers is the fact that as affairs are now administered on the running turf an honest man has but slight chance of success, and he more than intimates that foul measures, going to the extent of deliberately cutting down the dangerous horse, are frequently resorted to when legal means will not suffice. The root of all these evils, according to Mr. Lorillard, is the fact that bookmakers, almost without exception, either own or control stables of race horses, and being as a rule men utterly without principle, they use the animals which perform under their auspices simply as gambling instruments. That this view of the case is correct no one who has paid even slight attention to the running turf and its principal exponents can doubt, and that there must be a complete reversal of the present condition of affairs before anything can be done to correct it. The shambles and scandal which in important events are "jobbed" on the tracks at Brighton Beach, Saratoga, and other places that might be named, is having its effect, and in the course of a few years no man who respects himself or his family will care to figure in what was once rightly called "the spot of kings."—*Breeders' Gazette*.

What the *Gazette* says is entirely correct; but they stop half way. The jobs and frauds perpetrated on the track have become so general that very few will believe that every one is not arranged beforehand. Look at the record of the past season. The stories that have been told in the *Gazette* of the tricks perpetrated by drivers and owners, ought to convince any one that the average driver is as devoid of honesty as a burglar. This has compelled the breeders of different States to organize associations of their own where they may test the speed of their animals, without endangering their lives, as would be the case on the average association track. Let reform begin among the trotters as well as among the runners. Both stand in need of it.

100 does One Dollar is inseparably connected with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and is true of no other medicine. A bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains 100 doses, and will last a month, while others will average to last not even a week. Use only Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Horse Gossip.

MR. E. G. RUST, of East Saginaw, notifies us of the death of his fine imported Clydesdale stallion National Policy 1937, recorded in the 24 volume of the Stud Book. He was imported in 1882 and purchased by Mr. Rust the same year. As a specimen of the improved Clyde he could be regarded as a model, and was very successful in the show ring. He was valued at \$2,000, and his loss is not only a serious one to Mr. Rust, but to the entire Saginaw Valley.

A SUNSHINER at Frontier, Mich., writes: "Please answer through the *FARMER* what is the breeding of old Magna Charta, owned near Coldwater, Branch County, and oblige." Magna Charta was first recorded by Wallace as sired by Morgan Eagle, son of Sherman Morgan; dam by Grey Eagle (thoroughbred). He was foaled in 1855, and made his best time in 1859 at the State Fair held that year in Detroit. Wallace, in Volume 8 of the Trotting Register says:

"Magna Charta, son of b. h. foaled 1855; got by Morgan Eagle, son of Morgan Eagle, of Tunbridge, Vt.; dam a chestnut mare that was taken to Michigan by Job Trowbridge, and sold to L. W. Voorhees, the breeder of Magna Charta. Trained by C. H. Wallace, he purchased her of J. R. Matthews of Seymour, Ind., and he of John Pritchard, of Canna, when she was three years old. The claim that she was by the race horse Grey Eagle, is not sustained in any particular."

The Southern Michigan Trotting Circuit opens at Schoolcraft May 26 to 28, and extends three weeks into June. The other points are Union City, June 9 to 11, and Quincy, June 16 to 18. The purses at Schoolcraft are for the 3:00, 2:30, and the free-for-all classes; the 2:30 class pacers, and for three-year-olds and under, and for four-year-olds and under. Entries close on May 25, and should be sent to D. R. Stuart, Secretary. At Centerville the purses offered are for the 3:00, 2:40, and 2:30 classes trotters, and the 2:30 class pacers. The stakes are as follows: No. 1 for yearlings, half mile heats, two in three; No. 2 is for two-year-olds, half mile heats, two in three; No. 3 is for green colts, three years and under, mile heats, two in three; No. 6 is for stallions, mile heats, three in five; No. 7 is for green colts, four years old and under; No. 9 is for four-year-olds and under, and No. 11 is for five-year-olds. Purse classes close on May 29, stakes on April 1. Samuel Cross, Secretary, Centerville. At Union City the purse offered are for the 3:15, 3:00, 2:40 and 2:30, and the free-for-all trotters. A free-for-all pacer and a 2:30 mile running race winds up the meeting. Entries to the purses close on June 5, stakes on April 1. J. Banford is the Secretary.

The Quincy Association offers four stakes for two, three four and five-year-olds, which close on April 1. The purses offered are for the 3:00, 2:40 and 2:30, and the free-for-all classes, and the 2:30 class pacers. Entries for the purses close on June 12.

The Farm.

WHAT KIND OF SHORTHORNS SHALL WE BRED?

[A paper read before the Annual Meeting of the Michigan Shorthorn Breeders' Association, by J. W. Hibbard, of Bennington.]

Mr. President and Gentlemen.—It is with much reluctance that I attempt to answer to such an intelligent body of breeders as is before me to day, all with more experience by far than I, questions that are of so much importance as these seem to be to me. "What Kind of Shorthorns shall we Breed, and How are we to Produce Them?" as these have been the most difficult queries for me to solve, and thinking perhaps that I might by attempting to do so be able to draw from you older breeders something that might help me and perhaps some one else who has been pondering over the same things, I have consented to give my opinions, as I have formed them in my short experience as a breeder of that noble race of cattle, the Shorthorn.

Perhaps some of you may think I have taken a queer way to ask and answer them, but I would say that they are just as they have appeared to me, and are answered as I have decided from my position as a breeder.

What kind of Shorthorns shall we breed? Perhaps we might say good ones, but it seems to me that in this age there is something more to it than this, and I shall start at the beginners' place; as there is where the questions came to me, and where it seems to me it will appear necessary to every one who expects to make a success of breeding. Upon beginning to study and talk we hear about Dukes and Duchesses, Barringtons, Rose of Sharons, Phyllises, Young Marys, Seventeens, Bates and Booths, Cruikshanks, and cross-bred, fine-bred and in-bred cattle, and the question occurs which shall we breed? It is evident that if we breed for beef exclusively, it is done to the detriment of the milking qualities and equally so on the other hand. The question arises here, which shall we breed for, and yet be one successful breeders and sellers? I claim that the Shorthorn is the model or most profitable beef animal of to-day, the one that all other breeds are trying to rival, but in vain; which in fact cannot beat at the block when properly bred and fed for it, and yet is fairly profitable for milk and butter.

Before closing, I will say that the Kalamazoo Husbandman's Club answered the question how to save seed corn in a very strange manner, I think. The report says: "The conclusions arrived at were that a state not much below the freezing point was the only safe one, kept where it is dry." I think there must be a mistake made in reporting, for it cannot be possible that these men would make such a blunder.

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It is unfortunate that the investigation on this subject has been too much of a partisan character, and in many instances of a personal nature, exhibiting also a partiality for that particular line they were discussing, yet what could we do were it not for pedigree that being the only authority we have? Hence I say we must first find how our females are bred, then select the animal that is strong in the points we would produce as to individuality; having found this, we must take its pedigree and study it to see if it is strong enough to reproduce his like upon the cows we wish to use. When we have found all things right it is best not to let the number of cattle keep us from buying him, in the figure within the possible reach, remembering that he is the stronger half of the herd. I think it best never to let fashion or fancy sway us too much; while some say it will not do to take up with unfashionable lines it must be remembered that fashions are constantly changing and that what is in the go to day takes the go to-morrow. All we can do, as I see, is to get cattle that are well bred and good individual animals and then make them the fashion with us, and every one else if we can. It may be said that this is not saying what kind of cattle to breed; I do not see how one man can say just what kind is suited to his location and conditions, but I do say that any of the various classes of Shorthorns properly handled and bred cannot help but prove profitable to their owner, and I also think that there is a class suited to every farmer in Michigan, and that it is the duty of every breeder to use his influence to introduce that class, especially the sires, as Shorthorn bull will do more good to us, sent into a community, than any thing else we can do; for it is invariably the case that it will stimulate some one to buy more.

Giving you my opinion on this subject, I shall take the liberty to give it in as brief a manner as possible. While it is a matter of great pleasure to the eye, I am of the opinion that the fashion has been carried too far, for my experience has been that the roans are the best feeders. A look at our show herd of to-day goes to prove it, yet there is more than this to consider. If we breed roans entirely we must expect more or less white, and I while we may be just as good cattle, there are but few men who admire a white animal. This being the case, we must breed more from reds to avoid producing white. Yet I predict a change in the fashionable color at mid-day; a change, we hope, that will be for the better, so that our best cattle will have given me equally as good a crop.

Now brother farmers, I will give my method of preparing seed corn. I husk early, before any hard freeze, mostly in October. I select the best ears when picking up the corn and carry immediately to my furnace room and put on a scald fold made for the purpose. This time of year I always have a fire in the furnace and in about two or three weeks the corn is as dry as can be. After a hard freeze I save no more seed, for I know by experience that it is not fit. Do not be afraid that you will dry your seed too much, the dryer you have it the safer it is, when it is thoroughly dried you can keep it almost anywhere away from the mice and it will be all right.

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Agricultural Items.

DR. LAWES has taken 13 bushels of wheat per acre, from unmanured land, annually, for a period of 34 years.

THE Massachusetts Poultryman says that in the field culture of late potatoes it is very doubtful if it is ever good policy to plant the same field more than two or at the most three years before the crop is changed to some other field or laid down to grass.

TUGS ONE SAMPLE OF COMMERCIAL FERTILIZER ANALYZED AT THE N.Y. EXPERIMENT STATION, LAST YEAR, WAS FROM "MASSON'S HIGH GRADE POTASH FERTILIZER," MADE AT BINGHAMTON, N.Y., AND SOLD FOR \$30 PER TON. ITS REAL VALUE UNDER ANALYSIS ACCORDING TO THE MARKET PRICE OF THE INGREDIENTS, WAS FOUND TO BE \$1.52 PER TON.

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March 2 1886.

THE MICHIGAN FARMER

Horticultural.

SCALE FOR TESTING ORANGES.

Our attention has been called to an article under the above head, from Dudley W. Adams, of Tangerine, Fla., published in the *Florida Agriculturist* of April 29, 1885, in reply to a previous article by the President of the Florida Horticultural Society.

In the article in question Mr. A. hits both right and left with great freedom; speaking in highly complimentary terms of certain of the judges of citrus fruits, at the same time bestowing upon them and their scale of points certain decidedly "left-handed" compliments, which evince the fact that he imperfectly understood the facts in the case.

It is presumed that few persons experienced in the judging of fruits, are unaware of the extreme difficulty of so adapting a scale of points, as to, under all circumstances, secure satisfactory justice in the rendering of awards on fruits. Of the existence and nature of such difficulty, the judges were fully aware; but, in the discharge of the duties imposed upon them, several embarrassing circumstances intervened.

The framers of the list of premiums seem not to have known or, otherwise, to have disregarded the fact that the orange crop of Florida ripens a full month, at least, prior to that of California; and therefore could not be placed on exhibition at the same time; notwithstanding which, they were made to compete with each other for the same premiums. For this reason, fully a month necessarily intervened between the examinations of the two by the judges, leaving them no alternative but to bring each separate exhibit to the test of a scale of points, recording the result, to be compared with the result of an application of the same scale to the competing exhibit, when placed upon the tables—the largest total receiving the awards.

When the judges assigned to this task were so notified, they strongly objected to undertaking it; insisting that experts in the growing and handling of citrus fruits should be assigned to the work; but, for reasons that need not here be given, this proved, at the time, impracticable.

On entering upon the work they obtained a copy of the scale of points used in Florida; which was felt to be in some respects open to objection, and failing to obtain the scale adopted by California growers, the judges consented to the use of the Florida scale, upon exhibits competing only within that State, framing a modified scale for use upon those competing at large.

On reading Mr. A's article, one of the judges addressed him a courteous private letter explaining the matter, and received an insulting reply.

The judges were, of course, aware that important commercial interests were at issue in the contest; and noting that the Florida scales gave to thinness of skin, absence of pulp, and freedom from seeds, each severally, the same weight that was allowed to size, beauty of appearance and flavor, they feared that injustice might be done, in its application to fruits grown in the widely different climate and soils of California or other competing localities. Under these circumstances, we feel that before condemning the action of the judges, the case, both Mr. Adams and President Elliot should point out a better way, or convict them of mal-administration in the premises, or otherwise hold their peace.

T. T. LYON,
Chairman on Citrus Exhibits, N. O. Expo'n.

EXPERIENCE WITH THE HELIOTROPE.

"I do not know what is the matter with that heliotrope. It means to die, and I cannot do anything with it. May be it will do something for you, as everything does."

The speaker was a flower-loving acquaintance with whom I often exchanged plants and cuttings; and she pointed as she spoke, to a seemingly dry twig of heliotrope, about four inches high, with but a single pining, sickly leaf, that seemed to have no life enough to part from its withered stem. It did look hopeless enough to dream of flowers from such a plant; but I took it home with a feeling of pitying curiosity, wondering if it would die on my hands, or if I could bring it back to life and vigor. It was wholly an experiment with me, for it was my first heliotrope, though, as every one must, I had had a loving pleasure in their beauty and fragrance.

About two years afterwards, the same acquaintance was with me among my own flowers indoors and out; and she paused in admiration before a magnificent heliotrope that I had trained like a morning glory against the wall of the house and which held its fragrant purple bloom high above my reach when standing on tiptoe. Its leaves were rich and glossy, where they could be seen, but the blossoms grew richly upon the whole plant, as if ambitious of concealing the foliage. She seemed astonished at its thrifty growth, and asked with great earnestness, "Where did you get that heliotrope? And I want a slip from it." Great was her astonishment when I answered her question by asking if she remembered the bit of half dead heliotrope she gave me a couple of years ago, and told her that it was the same plant.

"Well, what did you do to it?" was the next question. And I answered it in the simplest way by stating the truth: "I let it grow." She looked puzzled, but begged a slip from it, though she had the same variety growing at home, in the dwarfed and half-starved condition to which the fragrant plant is so often condemned by ill-use and neglect.

And I have been asked the same questions over and over again by many different individuals: "What ails my heliotropes? They do not blossom and do not look like yours; what do you do to them?" To all such questions I can only reply, "I let them grow." Sometimes complaint is followed by the statement:

"I water them twice a week," then I supplement my reply by saying that I often water mine more times than that in a day.

Perhaps it may aid some unsuccessful grower of this dower if I tell the process by which the sickly plant became so changed: I took it from the parched garden bed where it was dying by slow degrees, exposed to the scorching wind and burning sun, without shade or moisture, and covered with dust from the road; I potted it in rich soil, made from well rotted leaves and garden loam, with a drainage of broken charcoal covered with a good bed of woods moss; and placing the pot in a saucer of water, so that the roots should be constantly moist, I gave it but little sunshine until at every point where leaves ought to be, living green buds were starting; giving promise not only of fresh foliage, but of growing shoots as well. Then it was placed in a sunny window and allowed to grow. And it did grow, as a half-starved child might grow when given an abundance of healthful food.

The heliotrope is a sun-loving flower, and if you want a wealth of bloom the plant must have plenty of earth, water, and all the sun our fickle skies will bestow. But you may secure rapid growth of plant without flowers even in partial shade. As winter approached, my windows I found were too narrow for my wishes, the plants were crowded excessively. The smaller ones were placed nearest the sash, and a shelf full of those of larger growth placed behind them, and still behind there was a stand crowded full, so that over sixty plants of various kinds, some of them large, got all their light and sunshine from one narrow window. Fortunately it was a south window, and the sun woos the flowers so persistently that in some way, each plant would reach out a spray for his care, till it reached the glass, and the window was a tangled wilderness of bloom from top to bottom. The heliotrope, owing to my ignorance of its nature, stood farthest back of all, and consequently had to make the most growth before it could reach the sun; but it went bravely to work, stretching upward day by day, reaching out its green sprays toward the light, thrusting some through the mass of foliage in front of it, till they too, touched the glass, and lauged in purple bloom at their hard won triumph. But by far the most of the sprays reached upward till the top of the sash was gained, and the upper half of the window, when seen from without, was glorious in royal purple, and with the gold of the Lantana that had seemed to be growing in friendly strife with it.

I do not give this method of raising a heliotrope as a model one, but to show that the plant, even in the shade, if given an abundance of water, will make a marvelous growth, but it must have the full benefit of the sun if you wish for flowers. And if I wished to raise a large plant for future bloom, I would treat it much in the same way, except the crowding.

Burning Strawberry Beds.

Professor E. M. Shelton tells *The Industrialist* that during a visit to Michigan last summer he was impressed with "a system of strawberry culture in vogue among these careful cultivators" by which this fruit is produced at a profit even when sold for four cents a quart:

"The plants are grown in hills about three feet apart each way. Late in the fall the ground is thoroughly mulched with straw or some similar material, and, until the fruit is harvested during the June and July following, no further care is bestowed upon the plants. But soon after the picking season is ended, when the old mulch is in a proper condition as to dryness and inflammability, the mulch is fired and the whole 'patch' burned over; the operation of burning being assisted by men who with forks stir the old mulch until all is consumed. This burning accomplishes a double purpose: it destroys the annual growth of runners and all weeds and feeble plants; and it burns off the entire leafy growth of the plants, leaving, however, the 'crown' or body of the plant uninjured. After this burning, the plants remain in dormant or 'resting' condition for some weeks and until stimulated by the late summer rains. All insist upon the need of the rest, the Sabbath of the strawberry, and where the plants have not been mulched, the scythe is used to remove the foliage, so that the dormant period may be insured to the plants. When the late summer and early rainfalls have set in, the strawberry makes an astonishing growth, which is aided by the thorough use of cultivator and hoe until the time for mulching has arrived. By this means the ordinary vicissitudes of the season are measurably overcome, so that failures are nearly or quite unknown."

the plant to be lifted, and with sharp scissors remove all decaying branches some inches below the point of decay, trim off straggling sprigs, leaving a neat, compact bush. With a sharp spade I cut a circle all around the plant six or eight inches deep, and with the spade lift the circle of earth and place it carefully in the pail and fill with earth; water well and keep in a cool room without sun till new foliage buds appear. Such plants may be kept in a sunny chamber without fire, even in a bitter cold winter, will make rapid growth, and you may bring them down in May covered with buds and blossoms. They will bear the cold better if kept moist; and my protection has been to give them more cold water than usual, if the night grew colder. I have had better success with heliotrope, begonias and geraniums kept in this way than in a cellar, even if the cellar were several degrees warmer.

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handsome catalogue, giving prices of all farm, garden and flower seeds, and implements for culture. The firm of Sibley & Co. is well known to need a recommend for quality of goods or fairness of dealing.

BUIST'S GARDEN SEEDS, Philadelphia, Pa.—This catalogue comprises a very full list of garden seeds which a specialty is made, the immense stock being grown from selected seeds and receiving the proprietor's personal inspection. A great deal of useful information to the market gardener and amateur is included in this handsome pamphlet. Special premiums are offered for crops grown from their seeds.

LANG'S LIVE SEEDS; F. N. Lang, Baraboo, Wis.—A neat and attractive catalogue, which includes flower, vegetable, field and tree seeds, plants and bulbs, and certain of our small fruits grown with special reference to the Northern trade and carefully tested.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF FRUITS; Ellwanger & Barry, Mt. Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.—This is a valuable publication to the horticulturist. The catalogue of native grapes is very complete, numbering over fifty varieties. Russian apples, the sorts which have been tested and found suited to our climate, are included. The character of this firm for accuracy, promptness and reliability is too well known to need mention here, or recommendation to our constant readers.

SEEDS AND TOOLS FOR MARKET GARDENERS; J. C. Vaughn, 42 La Sale Street, Chicago.—A neat catalogue, which includes the essential requisites of the gardener's profession. The new and most desirable seeds are in stock.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF SEEDS; Alfred Bridgeman, 37 E. 19th St., New York City.—This is a complete, profusely illustrated and clearly printed pamphlet, the floral department being especially voluminous, including both the old favorites and the new aspirants for favor.

MAULE'S SEEDS; William Henry Maule, Philadelphia, Pa.—A compact, closely printed catalogue, copiously illustrated, which describes the good qualities of the leading varieties of farm, garden and flower seeds. The four-leaved clover on its cover is the token of the "good luck" people have who buy Maule's seeds.

SPRING CATALOGUE; R. H. Allen & Co., 189 and 191 Water Street, New York.—A neatly lithographed covers of this pamphlet of nearly ninety pages are an index of the contents, which catalogue farm, garden and field seeds, roots, plants and garden requisites. It is clearly printed and well illustrated.

FORD'S SOUND SEEDS; Frank Ford & Sons, Ravenna, Ohio.—Devotes especial attention to small fruits, grapes, trees, nursery stock, &c.

SEED CATALOGUE; Cole & Bros., Pella, Iowa. Neatly printed, very complete, and issued by the oldest seed house in the State.

CATALOGUE OF GRAPE VINES AND SMALL TREES; Job Horner & Son, Merchantville, N. J.—Describes the new grapes which have received the approval of horticulturists, giving full information as to habits, distinctive characteristics, etc. The colored plates are fine.

S. L. ALLEN & CO., manufacturers of the "Planter Jr." drill, 127 and 129 Catherine Street, Philadelphia, send us a very neat pamphlet descriptive of this garden tool, which is becoming almost a necessity to gardeners and seeder.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1886; Jas. Vick, Rochester, N. Y.—This well known publication comes annually, as welcome "as the flowers that bloom in the spring." Everybody knows it; everybody wants it, especially the growers and lovers of flowers, who find it as essential as the flowers whose beauty it advertises.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

It is said that burning sawdust on the windward side of certain of the Florida orange groves preserved them from destruction by frost.

THE ONTARIO fruit growers in annual session, decided that there was but one practical remedy for black knot in cherry and plum trees, viz., cutting out.

Mrs. GRANVILLE COWING, of Muncie, Ind., says the fruit of the blackberry should be kept in dense shade as possible from the time of picking till marketing.

THE NATIONAL STOCKMAN says: A small bed of lettuce may soon be sown on the south side of some convenient building or fence, where it may be protected from the north winds. Early peas and early onion sets should be planted the first of March if the weather will justify, and the hot-beds may be made at any time now. The gardener requires the first attention of the farmer, and unless it is heavily fertilized and made rich it is an expensive luxury. The manure should be handled on the garden before the frost comes out of the ground, as hauling over it will greatly injure it.

Catalogues Received.

GREGORY'S DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF SEEDS.—For thirty years James J. Gregory of Marblehead, Mass., has been distributing his seeds all over the United States until his name has become a household word in the house of every farmer, and his seeds have established for themselves an international reputation. The value of a crop of any kind is always determined by the value of the seeds that are sown. Gregory's seeds never fail, though they are sown in a quart pot, with strips of new cotton cloth a half inch wide, loose enough not to hinder circulation. Such a plant as I am describing cannot be grown in a quart pot, with a few spoonfuls of water two or three times in a week. There must be room for the spreading rootlets, and earth enough to nourish them. I find the large wooden tobacco pails better even than large earthen pots for this purpose, and there is a real satisfaction in putting them to a good use after they have held the poisonous weed. They hold the moisture better than the earthen pots—do not get so hot in the sun, and in their decays nourish the plant, and the largest of them are none too large. Perhaps the seat of tobacco that "hangs round them still" helps to keep away the insects so fatal to plants; at least a dose of tobacco tea poured around the roots of the plants kills the insects that feed upon the tender foliage, without injuring the plant. A frequent watering with soft tea is very beneficial to the heliotrope, pouring it about the roots without touching the foliage. It gives vigor to the whole plant and deeper tints to flowers and leaves.

I have found great pleasure in bedding out heliotropes early in the spring, filling a large bed with slips as soon as the ground is warm enough. I place them about eighteen inches apart, leaving only the tips above the ground, pressing the soil closely around it, placing a tumbler or even a burdock leaf above them for a few days, and keeping the earth around them constantly wet. In a week or ten days, they will show growth, and may be left uncovered, but must have plenty of water. In a few weeks they will shade the ground, and standing high above it, will rival the verbenas in wealth of bloom. They will even blossom later than that hardy plant. And after repeated frosts and perhaps a week of snow, the upper part of the plant may be dead and dead, while the lower portion is still vigorous, fresh and green. I find this a good time to lift and pot them for future use, much better than in a state of growth.

BURPEE'S NEW GUIDE TO ROSE CULTURE, published by the Dingee & Conard Co., rose growers, West Grove, Pa., (see advertisement) is upon our table, and we take pleasure in recommending it as one of the handsomest and best catalogues of the season. This company makes a specialty of growing and distributing roses, and offers nearly 500 varieties, including all the latest novelties and finest standard sorts. They also offer choice hardy shrubbery, climbing vines, fine seeds, &c. They send by mail or express, as desired, and are well known as amongst the most reliable and trustworthy establishments in this country, and all purchases made from them are sure to be satisfactory.

BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL.—We have received from W. Atlee Burpee & Co., the well known seedsmen of Philadelphia, a copy of Burpee's Farm Annual for 1886. Unlike any other catalogue published, this book of 128 pages, in addition to seeds, bulbs and plants, fully describes and illustrates the leading breeds of swine, sheep, Scotch Colly dogs and fancy poultry. It contains much valuable information, two beautiful colored plates, and hundreds of illustrations of all varieties of vegetables and flowers, including novelties of striking merit. Those of our readers who are interested in seeds or thoroughly stocked, can obtain Burpee's Farm Annual free, by addressing the publishers at Philadelphia, Pa. W. Atlee Burpee & Co. enjoy a wide reputation for the fine quality of the seeds grown and sold by them.

CATALOGUE OF SEEDS, Hiram Sibley & Co., Rochester, N. Y., and Chicago, Ill. This is a

handsome catalogue, giving prices of all farm, garden and flower seeds, and implements for culture. The firm of Sibley & Co. is well known to need a recommend for quality of goods or fairness of dealing.

BUIST'S GARDEN SEEDS, Philadelphia, Pa.—This catalogue comprises a very full list of garden seeds which a specialty is made, the immense stock being grown from selected seeds and receiving the proprietor's personal inspection. A great deal of useful information to the market gardener and amateur is included in this handsome pamphlet. Special premiums are offered for crops grown from their seeds.

LANG'S LIVE SEEDS; F. N. Lang, Baraboo, Wis.—A neat and attractive catalogue, which includes flower, vegetable, field and tree seeds, plants and bulbs, and certain of our small fruits grown with special reference to the Northern trade and carefully tested.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF FRUITS; Ellwanger & Barry, Mt. Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.—This is a valuable publication to the horticulturist. The catalogue of native grapes is very complete, numbering over fifty varieties. Russian apples, the sorts which have been tested and found suited to our climate, are included. The character of this firm for accuracy, promptness and reliability is too well known to need mention here, or recommendation to our constant readers.

SEEDS AND TOOLS FOR MARKET GARDENERS; J. C. Vaughn, 42 La Sale Street, Chicago.—A neat catalogue, which includes the essential requisites of the gardener's profession. The new and most desirable seeds are in stock.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF SEEDS; Alfred Bridgeman, 37 E. 19th St., New York City.—This is a complete, profusely illustrated and clearly printed pamphlet, the floral department being especially voluminous, including both the old favorites and the new aspirants for favor.

MAULE'S SEEDS; William Henry Maule, Philadelphia, Pa.—A compact, closely printed catalogue, copiously illustrated, which describes the good qualities of the leading varieties of farm, garden and flower seeds. The four-leaved clover on its cover is the token of the "good luck" people have who buy Maule's seeds.

SPRING CATALOGUE; R. H. Allen & Co., 189 and 191 Water Street, New York.—A neatly lithographed covers of this pamphlet of nearly ninety pages are an index of the contents, which catalogue farm, garden and field seeds, roots, plants and garden requisites. It is clearly printed and well illustrated.

FORD'S SOUND SEEDS; Frank Ford & Sons, Ravenna, Ohio.—Devotes especial attention to small fruits, grapes, trees, nursery stock, &c.

SEED CATALOGUE; Cole & Bros., Pella, Iowa. Neatly printed, very complete, and issued by the oldest seed house in the State.

CATALOGUE OF GRAPE VINES AND SMALL TREES; Job Horner & Son, Merchantville, N. J.—Describes the new grapes which have received the approval of horticulturists, giving full information as to habits, distinctive characteristics, etc. The colored plates are fine.

S. L. ALLEN & CO., manufacturers of the "Planter Jr." drill, 127 and 129 Catherine Street, Philadelphia, send us a very neat pamphlet descriptive of this garden tool, which is becoming almost a necessity to gardeners and seeder.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1886; Jas. Vick, Rochester, N. Y.—This well known publication comes annually, as welcome "as the flowers that bloom in the spring." Everybody knows it; everybody wants it, especially the growers and lovers of flowers, who find it as essential as the flowers whose beauty it advertises.

MAULE'S SEEDS; William Henry Maule, Philadelphia, Pa.—A compact, closely printed catalogue, copiously illustrated, which describes the good qualities of the leading varieties of farm, garden and flower seeds. The four-leaved clover on its cover is the token of the "good luck" people have who buy Maule's seeds.

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FORD'S SOUND SEEDS; Frank Ford & Sons, Ravenna, Ohio.—Devotes especial attention to small fruits,

Poetry.

THE TRAVELLER AT SUNSET.

The shadows grow and deepen round me;
I feel the dew-fall in the air;
The murmur of the darkening thicket,
I hear the night-tarsh call to prayer.
The evening wind is sad with farewells,
And loving hands unclasp from mine;
Alone I go to meet the darkness
Across an awful boundary-line.
As from the lighted hearths behind me
I pass with slow, reluctant steps,
What waits me in the land of strangeness?
What face shall smile, what voice shall greet?
What space shall awe, what brightness blind me?
What thunder roll of music stay?
What vast processes sweep before me
Of shapes unknown beneath the sun?
I shrink from unaccustomed glory,
I dread the myriad-voiced strain;
Give me the unforgetful faces,
And let my lost ones speak again.
He will not chide my mortal yearning,
Who is our Brother and our Friend,
In Whose full I divine and human,
The heavenly and the earthly blend.
Mine be the joy of soul-communion,
The sense of spiritual strength renewed,
The reverence for the pure and holy,
The dear delight of doing good.
No fitting eur is mine to listen
An endless anthem's rise and fall;
No curious eye is mine to measure
The pearl gate and the jasper wall.
For love must needs be more than knowledge;
What matter if I never know
Why Aldebaran's star is ruddy,
Or colder Sirius white as snow!
Forgive my human words, O Father!
I go Thy larger truth to prove;
Thy mercy shall transcend my longing;
I seek but love, and Thou are Love!
I go to find my lost and mourned for
Safe in Thy sheltering goodness still,
And all that hope and faith foreshadow
Made perfect in Thy holy will.

—John G. Whittier.

VANITY OF VANITIES.

Bee to the blossom, moth to the flame;
Each to his passion; what's in a name?
Red clover's sweetest, well the bee knows;
No bee can suck it; lonely it blows.
Deep lies its honey, out of reach, deep;
What use is honey hidden to keep?
Robbed in the autumn, starving for bread;
Who stops to pity a honey-bee dead?
Star-flames are brightest, blazing the skies;
Only a hand's breadth the moth wing flies.
Pooled with a candle, scorched with a breath;
Poor little miller, a tawdry death!
Life is a honey, life is a flame;
Each to his passion; what's in a name?
Swinging and circling, face to the sun,
Brief little planet, how it doth run?
Bea-time and moth-time, add the amount;
White heat and honey, who keeps the count?
Gone some fine evening, a spark out—tost!
The world so darker for one star lost!
Bee to the blossom, moth to the flame;
Each to his passion; what's in a name!

Miscellaneous.

ALL RIGHT AT LAST.

One afternoon in August I was sauntering down the main street of our little city, and had just halted before a shop window to look at a picture, when I heard voices behind me that sounded strangely familiar.

I turned round and saw a group of three persons standing near me—a man and a woman and a young girl; evidently a family from the country.

The man was immense. He towered head and shoulders above his wife—by no means a small woman; and large as he was, he seemed brimful of good humor and enjoyment.

Even the discomfort of being dressed up in his Sunday best—a stiff collar against which his neck protested in frequent spasmodic jerks, and cotton gloves in whose roomy depths his fingers were helpless as many wooden clothespins—all passed for nothing and less than nothing with this happy giant.

The daughter, a girl of perhaps 16 years of age, was pretty and fresh as a daisy. She had a figure exquisite in its simile, natural grace, which the ugly, ill-fitting garments she wore could not hide or essentially mar, and she looked about her with a sky and conscious air that was altogether charming.

But the mother's face was careworn and anxious, and she seemed more than the others to feel out of place in her surroundings.

They were apparently discussing some plan of going or coming, and I forgot the picture in furtively watching them, and trying to recall where I had seen them before.

"Lucy Jane," the man was saying, "if you are so tired, you and Sis had better go back to the tavern; I'll be along 'fore supper." Then it all flashed upon me.

Two summers ago my brother Jack and I were traveling among the Green Mountains. We had been riding all day through a grandly wild and picturesque country—mountains and solitude everywhere—which we enjoyed to the full, until as night came on hunger and weariness caused us to forget everything else in the desire for food and shelter.

Not a house or sign of life for miles and miles and we began to fear we had missed our way, and were destined to pass a night on the road, or perhaps to be devoured by wild beasts. But at last a friendly light gleamed on us through the darkness, and a turn in the road brought us suddenly to a little public house, bearing as we learned afterwards the somewhat pretentious name of the "Coffee House."

A man came out to meet us with a lantern in his hand—I remembering thinking that he looked like a giant as he emerged from the shadows—but he welcomed us right heartily, and took us in to his wife, who brightened up the fire in the huge fireplace, (for the nights were chilly even in August there among the mountains,) and prepared us a supper fit for a king. The little daughter, "Sis" they called her, waited upon us and gave us

friendly glances out of her bashful eyes. We enjoyed a blissful night's rest, and in the morning were entertained more like loved and honored friends than stranger guests. They showed us the family photographs and the prize dictionary "Sis" had won at the spelling match, not forgetting the patchwork and the sampler. They pressed upon us stores of spruce gum and beechnuts, and sent us away with new faith in human nature.

As we drove from their door I said to Jack, with a choking in my throat, "How kind they are! Do you suppose they treat everybody so?"

"Very likely," he answered; "God bless them, anyway. But," he added thoughtfully, "it is to be hoped they will never leave this spot; it would be cruel to have their simple goodness abused."

And now here they were! What had induced them to leave their peaceful home, and by what chance had they strayed away down here?

I wondered whether they would remember me if I should speak to them; that I would do so I was determined, only for the moment I was too full of questioning to act.

I waited till the man had left them, and then stepping forward made myself known to the mother and daughter.

They seemed greatly pleased to renew my acquaintance, and invited me to go with them to their hotel and "have a good talk."

"I am so glad," says Mrs. Mears, "to see somebody here that ain't a total stranger!" So with that feeling we all have more or less towards one whom we know ever so slightly, if met among strangers, they took me at once into their confidence, and treated me like an old friend.

"You see," explained Mrs. Mears, "it was Brother Gideon's notion gettin' us down here, he's lived here a good many years. He was up to our place last summer, and he blowed and bragged so much about the money he was makin' and so on, that Hiram—that's my husband, you know—got real discontented with the tavern stand, and grew worse and worse, till finally nothin' would do but he must tear up and come down to try his luck. I felt like death about it, for I was 'tached to the old place, and besides, considered it an awful risk. We always got a good livin' there at any rate. Then again, between you and me," lowering her voice, "I don't take no stock in Brother Gideon. He makes great promises—but will he fulfil 'em?"

"He told Hiram that if he would furnish \$2,000 he'd take him into the butter business long with him, and they'd make a sight o' money. Said he hadn't a doubt but what we'd be independent in a few years' time. Hiram's powerful elated over it, but I feel as if some dreftul thing was goin' to happen to us. He's gone and let Brother Gideon have every cent he's worth in the world, and we're goin' to live on nothin'—till we get rich."

She laughed a little hysterically. "I know I'm foolish," she said, "but I can't help it. I told 'em father I are too old to pull up and begin life new, and I can't make it seem right. I sha'n't never feel to home here whether we get rich or not. I couldn't be city folks anyway."

Involuntarily I looked at Sis. She smiled and threw up her chin with a little defiant air. Her mother's glance followed mine.

"O, Sis would take it as natural as a duck to the water," she said, in answer to my unspoken thought. "It's only on her account that I try to be reconciled at all. If we do happen to get rich I shall be glad on her account. She'd orter have advantages—Sis had."

Soon after I called upon them in their new home. I found them in the basement of a miserable tenement house.

"We're only stopping here for the time bein"—it were—"explained Mr. Mears apologetically; "jest till we can turn round, you know."

I noticed that he spoke with an effort at indifference, and glanced uneasily at his wife. I looked about the bare and comfortless place, and thought of the quaint, home-like rooms in the old inn. The stench of the beer saloon opposite was not like the fragrance of the piney woods among the mountains, and the singing birds were certainly missing. But with their wonted hospitality they urged me to stay and share their evening meal, and I could not pain them by a refusal.

"Marm's biscuit is jest as good here as they was up to the Coffee House!" Hiram declared with enthusiasm, as we sat down to the table.

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But the mother's face was careworn and anxious, and she seemed more than the others to feel out of place in her surroundings.

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March 2, 1866.

THE MICHIGAN FARMER

7

ONE SLEIGH RIDE.

A sleigh—
A day
Of glorious winter weather;
A girl—
A whirl
Of man and mated together.
A freeze—
A squeeze—
A touching of cold noses;
A crash—
A blush—
And cheeks as red as roses.
A yearn—
A turn,
And homeward they go flying;
A sigh—
Good-by—
And then some more good-baying
* * * * *
A span—
A man—
The liver stable trusted;
A youth,
In truth,
Demented quite, and bustled.

A Hot Day in Dakota.

It was 23 dogs. below zero yesterday, and the wind was in good working order. A slender tenderfoot was coming down the street on a sort of crippled "dog-trot," his blue and suppurating proboscis protruding like a forerunner of frozen misery. Just as he reached the corner he was stopped by Ed. Sloan, the rustler and assistant banner-winner. Sloan saw the stranger long in advance of the meeting, and decided to make an impression on him. He doffed his buffalo coat and cap, threw off his under coat, and at his confluence with the shivering tenderfoot, he appeared in his shirt sleeves, wiping his brow with his handkerchief. The tenderfoot was startled. Just as he was about to pass, the sweltering Sloan exclaimed:

"Good morning, stranger; you look sort a feeble. Not sick, I hope?"

"Good morning, sir," falteringly replied the dumfounded stranger, his teeth chattering like a trip-hammer. "No, sir, I am not sick; I never enjoyed better health in my life."

He edged in close to the building to escape the wind, and looked at Sloan with a half-pitying glance of inquiry, and it was plain to be seen that he thought he had met a lunatic or crank of the most virulent type.

"But you look cold!" ejaculated the honest Sloan, as he rubbed some more Cayenne pepper and kerosene on his face to give it the appearance of heat and perspiration. "Here, take some of this medicine; it will help you. You've got the worst case of chills I ever saw."

Miles stood resolute, and the officer returned for orders, expecting the ordering out of a file of men and an arrest, but was astonished to see the general burst into the heartiest laugh and hear him confess that the printer had the best of it. The messenger was sent back with a complimentary note, and there was no more trouble.

finest and best disciplined that the world ever saw. With this grand flourish of trumpets the first number was issued, and Miles lay back in his editorial chair, contemplating his work with the belief that he had achieved the next triumph to Sherman's, and wondering what the conqueror would say when he saw the praises he had heaped upon him. The next morning, as the general and his staff were about taking breakfast, a paper was handed to him—the *Savannah Republican*, I think—and he commenced to read the leader which was so lavish in his praise.

"Look here!" said he, red and furious, "What the d— does this mean? Who knows anything about this paper?"

His orderly, who had known something about its preparation, explained to him that it was the work of one of the literary gentlemen who had followed the expedition.

"Well," said the general, "go down to the office and tell him to discontinue his paper or I'll put him under guard. I won't have such cursed stuff printed about me when I can prevent it. Abuse is bad enough, but this is a deuced sight worse."

Down went the orderly, and the confusion of poor Miles was overwhelming when he got the squelcher from the general commanding.

"Why, it was all praise," said he.

"No matter for that. If it had been the other way it would have been treated just the same."

So Miles moved a compromise—I hardly know what—and urged the official to express his regrets and beg the removal of the injunction, and soon the officer came back to inform him that permission was granted him to run his paper, on condition that he should never mention the general's name again. This was agreed to, and the paper appeared. After a day or two an ad came down one morning with an order from Gen. Sherman for publication. Miles glanced over it and started. Just as he was about to pass, the sweltering Sloan exclaimed:

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"Good morning, sir," falteringly replied the dumfounded stranger, his teeth chattering like a trip-hammer. "No, sir, I am not sick; I never enjoyed better health in my life."

He edged in close to the building to escape the wind, and looked at Sloan with a half-pitying glance of inquiry, and it was plain to be seen that he thought he had met a lunatic or crank of the most virulent type.

"But you look cold!" ejaculated the honest Sloan, as he rubbed some more Cayenne pepper and kerosene on his face to give it the appearance of heat and perspiration. "Here, take some of this medicine; it will help you. You've got the worst case of chills I ever saw."

Miles stood resolute, and the officer returned for orders, expecting the ordering out of a file of men and an arrest, but was astonished to see the general burst into the heartiest laugh and hear him confess that the printer had the best of it. The messenger was sent back with a complimentary note, and there was no more trouble.

And that's the reason why it shan't. Stopped my paper for praising him, and I promised him that his name should never appear in my columns again, and hang me if it shall."

The lieutenant then offered me his arm and took me to a neighboring shop, where was a shelf full of sword canes just like mine, for twenty-five cents apiece!

Another gentleman who purchased something of a cubstone merchant of the "Flower Kingdom" illustrates the kind of imposition to which a foreign buyer who is "green" is likely to be subjected. After beating the Chinaman down from two dollars and a half to ninety cents out of the pile, took my gold piece, handed me the cane, and turned away with a placid smile and bow, amid the shouts and laughter of my companions!

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Petroleum Department

Puerperal or Milk Fever in Cows.
Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

SALINE, Feb. 19, 1886.

About one year ago I had my first experience with milk fever; having lost a valuable cow at that time. It was stormy and cold when she calved and I kept her in a warm stable, fed her a warm mash and warmed her drink, and did not move her about so did not observe any thing wrong until about 24 hours after she calved. When I led her out she staggered and could not handle herself well. I got a package of your Bovine Panacea and began giving it about five p.m. and she died before morning. Now I don't want to doctor that cow; I was not satisfied with the way I gave the medicine at the time, and I have a heifer in a similar condition due to come in shortly that I want to be prepared for. I put a dose of water, shook it well and poured it down. Is that the best way to give it? I have No. 1, and after three hours gave No. 2. Should I have given No. 1 and after an hour and a half given No. 2, then No. 1 again in three hours? Will any harm result from giving the medicine too soon? After a cow gets down does it do any good to shift her position? Can any thing be given beforehand to prevent the fever? Please answer through the FARMER and oblige a SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—The tumor in your steer is no doubt the result of an injury of the spermatic cord either from accident or in castration. It is a question for you to determine whether it will be more profitable to have it removed, which should be performed with the ecaisseur, or kill for beef. The operation, skillfully performed, is not a dangerous one.

COMMERCIAL.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

Detroit, March 2, 1886.
Flour.—Market fairly active, with white wheat patents and rye slightly lower. Quotations yesterday were as follows:

Michigan white wheat roller process \$3.75 4¢ 00

Michigan white wheat, patents 4.75 4¢ 25

Michigan white wheat, plain 4.75 4¢ 25

Minnesota, bakers 4.50 4¢ 25

Minnesota, patent 4.50 4¢ 25

Michigan wheat 3.00 4¢ 50

Rye 3.00 4¢ 25

Buckwheat per cwt. 3.00 4¢ 25

Wheat.—The market yesterday was weaker speculative deals, but spot was more active and advanced slightly over Saturday's last figures. At the close quotations were as follows: Spot—No. 1 white, 91c; No. 2 red flax; rejected red, 75c; Futures—No. 1 white—May, 93c; No. 2 red—March, 91c; May, 93c; June, 94c.

Corn.—Market quiet and lower. No. 2 quoted at 38¢/30, new mixed at 37¢/30, and new high mixed at 37¢/30.

Oats.—Steady and firm. No. 2 white quoted at 35¢/30, No. 3 mixed at 32¢/30, and light mixed at 35¢/30.

Barley.—Strong at 31¢ 25 5¢ central for No. 2, and samples quoted at \$1.30/cwt. 55.

Rye.—Market dull at 60¢ per bushel for No. 2.

Feed.—Bran is quoted at \$1.75/cwt. 40, and middlings at \$1.60/cwt. 60.

Butter.—Market quiet. Creamery is quoted at \$2.30/cwt. for good to choice; dairy at 18¢/lb. for good; 15¢/lb. for choice, and extra fine fresh made at 17¢. Off grades not wanted.

Cheese.—Michigan cream 11¢/lb.; skins quoted at 9¢/lb. Ohio full cream 10¢/lb.

Eggs.—Market firm at 16¢/doz. for fresh stock. Receipts increasing.

Fruit.—Apples very dull; quoted at \$1.20/lb. 15¢/lb. choice stock at \$1.75c. Cranberries quoted at \$1.25/lb. with large supply.

Dried Apples.—Market quiet; quoted at 2¢/lb. off sun dried. New evaporated stock quoted at 17¢/lb. 25¢.

Cider.—Dull at 7¢/lb. per gallon for sweet, and 9¢/lb. for clarified.

Foreign Fruits.—Lemons, Messina \$1.50/lb.; oranges, Florida \$1.50/lb.; bananas, \$1.50/lb.; cocoanuts \$1.50/lb.; Malaga grapes, \$1.50/lb.; 50¢/lb.; 50¢/lb.

Beezaw.—Dull at 25¢/lb.

Honey.—Quoted at 12¢/lb. 15¢/lb. in pound frames; strained, 9¢/lb.

Hay.—Market lower at \$1.50/cwt. 10¢/lb. for baled lots of timothy on track; choice quality at \$1.60/cwt. 15.

Beans.—Market quiet and lower. City picked are quoted at \$1.25/cwt. 27¢/lb. in carots, or \$1.30 in smaller quantities; unpicked are quoted at 40¢/lb. 50¢/lb.

Onions.—There is a fair supply of stock and the market is firm at \$2.25/lb. Unpeeled stock scarce.

Salt.—Michigan or Marine City, 95¢/50 lb. per barrel; East 10¢/lb. 92¢/50 lb. in barrel, 90¢ for quarter sack.

Hops.—Michigan quoted at 82¢/30c. New York at 102¢/30c. Eastern markets very quiet.

Cloves.—Spiced. Prime quoted at \$0.50, and 5¢ at 2¢/lb. 30c. Market quiet.

Straw.—Baled \$1.50/cwt. 10¢/lb. on track.

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